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SIONS SONETS

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Sions Sonets

SUNG BY

SOLOMON

THE

KING

AND PERIPHRAST'D

BY

FRANCIS QUARLES



Cambridge

The Riverside Press

1 9 0 5

NOTE

THIS printing of SION'S SONETS is from the version included in the 1680 edition of Quarles's DIVINE POEMS, which offers a more consistent and a slightly more modern text than that of the original edition of the SONETS published in quarto in 1625. A few misprints in the edition of 1680 have been corrected from the reading of 1625, and the dedication, which was omitted from the later edition, has been reproduced from the quarto.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE
AND NO LESSE GOOD
THEN GREAT LORD,
JAMES, MARQUES
HAMLETON.

SIR,

HAD *these Lines been
loose, and lascivious, I
had either pickt out a lesse
honourable Patron, or stood
to the courtesie of every wan-
ton Reader ; But being (as
they*

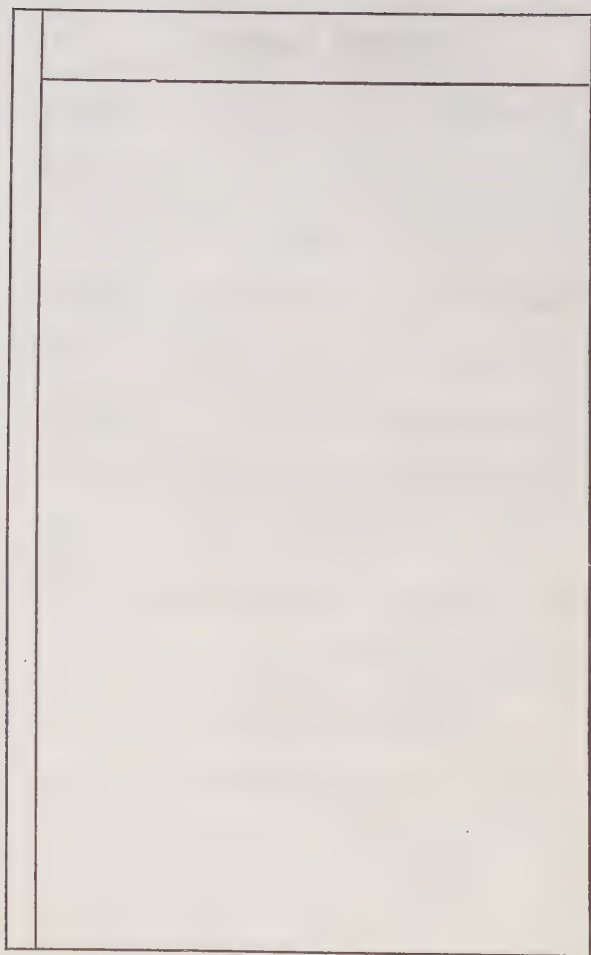
*they are) of a divine subject, therefore subject to the ill-digested humours of light heads, by your favour (thrice noble Lord) you are bound to protect it, being the knowne Patron to goodnesse. There are too few such: This makes glorious Vice so bold, and bashfull Vertue so inglorious. You are a bright Starre in our Orbe ; on which all good eyes are fixt, and by the
speciall*

*Speciall influence of which
these presented Lines had
their conception, their birth,
their being ; and now crept
forth, repay themselves to
You, hope to receive honour
from You, and sue for pro-
tection under You. So I com-
mit them to the honour of so
great a fortune.*

SIR,

*The true honourer of your
admired worth,*

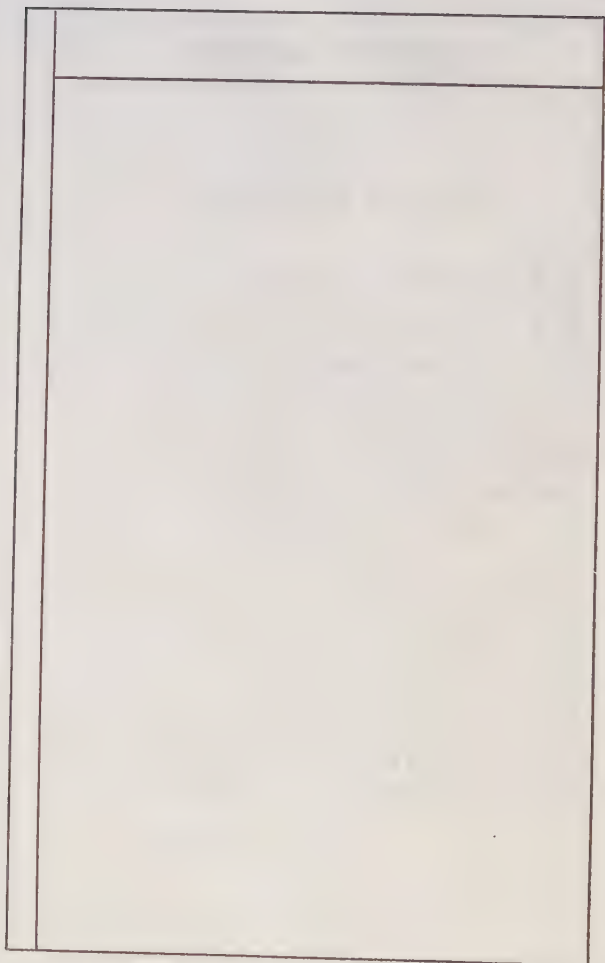
FRANCIS QUARLES.



TO THE
READERS.

READERS, now you have them, may the end of my pains be the beginning of your pleasures. Excuse me for soaring so high, else give me lieve to excuse my self; indeed I flew with Eagles Feathers, otherwise I had not flown, or faln. It is the SONG OF SONGS I here present you with: The Author, King SOLOMON, the wisest of Kings; The matter, mystical, the divinest of subjects; The Speakers : CHRIST, the Bride-Groom; the CHURCH, the Bride; The end, to invite you all to the Wedding.

Farewel.



AN
EPITHALME
TO THE
BRIDEGROOM.

HOSANNA *to the Highest, Joy be-
tide*

*The Heavenly Bride-Groom, and his
Holy Bride ;*

*Let Heaven above be fill'd with Songs,
Let Earth triumph below ;*

*For ever silent be those tongues,
That can be silent now.*

*You Rocks, and Stones, I charge you all
to break*

Your flinty silence, if men cease to speak:

You

*You that profess the sacred Art,
Or now, or never shew it,
Plead not your Muse is out of heart,
Here's that creates a Poet.
Be ravisht, Earth, to see this Contract
driven,
'Twixt sinful Man, and reconciled
Heaven.
Dismount, you Quire of Angels; come,
With Men your joys divide;
Heaven never shew'd so sweet a Groom,
Nor Earth so fair a Bride.*

BRIDE.

SONET I.

O THAT the bounty of those lips
 Divine
 Would feal their favours on these lips
 of mine,
 That by those welcome *kiffes, I
 might fee
 The mutual love betwixt my Love
 and me!
 For truer blifs no worldly joy allows,
 Than sacred Kiffes from so sweet a
 Spoufe,
 With which no earthly pleasure may
 compare,
 Rich Wines are not so delicate as
 they 're.

**Sensible Graces.*

[2]

NOR Myrrh, nor Caffia, nor the
choice perfumes
Of unctious Nard, or Aromatick
Fumes
Of hot *Arabia*, do enrich the Air
With more delicious sweetnes, than
the fair
Reports, that crown the merits of thy
Name
With heavenly Lawrels of eternal
Fame;
Which makes the * Virgins fix their
eyes upon thee,
And all that view thee, are enamoured
on thee.

* *Pure in Heart.*

[3]

O LET the beauty of thy Sun-like
Face
Inflame my Soul, and let thy Glory
chafe
Disloyal thoughts : let not the World
allure
My chaste desires from a Spouse so
pure :
But when as time shall place me on
thy *Throne,
My fears shall cease, and interrupt by
none,
I shall transcend the stile of Transi-
tory,
And full of Glory, still be fill'd with
Glory.

**The Kingdom of Heaven.*

[4]

BUT you, my curious (and too nice)
allies,
That view my fortunes with too narrow eyes,
You say my face is *black and foul;
'tis true;
I 'm beauteous to my Love, though
black to you;
My censure stands not upon your esteem,
He sees me, as I †am; you, as I
seem;
You see the Clouds, but he discerns
the Sky;
Know 'tis my ‡flesh that looks so
black, not I.

*Through apparent infirmities. †Glorious in him.

‡Weakness of the Flesh.

[5]

WHAT if Afflictions do dis-imblish
My natural Glory, and deny
the relish

Of my adjourned Beauty, yet disdain
not

Her, by whose necessary loss, you
gain not;

I was inforc'd to *fwelter in the Sun,
And †keep a Strangers Vine, left
mine alone:

I left mine own, and kept a Strangers
Vine;

The fault was ‡mine, but was §not
only mine.

* *Afflictions.* † *Forced to idolatrous superstitions.*

‡ *By reason of my weakness.*

§ *Being seduced by false Prophets.*

[6]

O THOU, whose love I prize above
my life,
More worthy far t' enjoy a fairer
wife,
Tell me, to what cool shade dost thou
refort?
Where graze thy Sheep, where do
thy Lambs disport
Free from the scorching of this *foul-
try weather?
O tell thy Love and let thy Love
come thither:
Say (gentle Shepherd) fits it thee to
cherish
Thy private Flocks, and let thy true
Love †perish?

* Persecutions. † By Idolatry.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET II.

ILLUSTRIOUS *Bride*; more radiant and
 more *bright,
 Than th' eye of Noon, thrice fairer
 than the light;
 Thou dearest off-spring of my dying
 blood,
 And treasure of my soul, why hast
 thou stood
 Parching so long in those ambitious
 Beams?
 Come, come, and cool thee in these
 silver †streams,
 Unshade thy face, cast back those
 golden Locks,
 And I will make thee ‡Mistress of my
 Flocks.

* *Through my merits, and thy Sanctification.*

† *The Doctrine of the true Prophets.*

‡ *Teacher of my Congregations.*

[2]

O THOU the Center of my choice
desires,
In whom I rest, in whom my Soul re-
spires ;
Thou art the flower of Beauty, and I
prize thee
Above the World, howe'r the World
despise thee :
The blind imagine all things black
by kind,
Thou art as beautiful as they are
blind :
And as the fairest Troops of *Pha-
raoh's Steeds*
Exceed the rest, so Thou the rest ex-
ceeds.

[3]

THY *Cheeks (the garden where
fresh Beauty plants
Her choicest flowers) no adorning
wants ;
There wants no relish of †Diviner
Grace,
To summe compleatness in so sweet a
face ;
Thy neck is without blemish, without
blot,
Than Pearls more orient, clear from
stain or spot ;
Thy Gems and Jewels full of curious
Art
Imply the sacred treasures of thy
heart.

*Thy most visible parts. †Sanctification.

[4]

THE Sun-bright Glory of thy re-
founding Fame
Adds Glory to the Glory of thy
Name.

The more 's thy honour Love, the
more thou striv'ft
To honour me ; thou gainest what
thou giv'ft :

My Father (whom our Contract hath
made thine)

Will give thee large endowments of
*Divine,

And everlasting Treasure ; Thus by
me

Thou shalt be rich, that am thus rich
in thee.

**The riches of his holy Spirit.*

BRIDE.

SONET III.

O^H, how my Soul is ravisht with
the joys
That spring like *Fountains* from my
true-Loves voice !
How cordial are his Lips ! how fweet
his Tongue !
Each word he breathes, is like a melo-
dious Song ;
He absent (ah!) how is my glory
dim !
I have no beauty not deriv'd from
Him ;
Whate'r I have, from him alone I
have,
And he takes pleasure in those Gifts
he gave.

[2]

As fragrant Myrrh, within the bo-
fom hid,
Scents more delicious than (before) it
did,
And yet receives no fweetnefs from
that brest,
That proves the fweeter for fo fweet
a Guest :
Even fo the favour of my deareft
Spoufe,
Thus priz'd and placed in my heart,
endows
My ardent Soul with fweetnefs, and
inspires
With heavenly ravifhment, my rapt
defires.

[3]

WHO ever smelt the breath of
morning flowers,
New sweetned with the dash of twi-
light flowers,
Of pounded Amber, or the flowring
Thyme,
Of purple Violets in their proudest
prime,
Or swelling Clusters from the Cypress
Tree?
So sweet's my Love; I, far more sweet
is he.
So fair, so sweet, that Heavens bright
eye is dim,
And Flowers have no scent compar'd
with him.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET IV.

O THOU the joys of my sufficed
heart,
The more thou think'st me fair, the
more thou art ;
Look in the Crystal mirrours of mine
eyes,
And view thy beauty, there thy
beauty lies ;
See there th' unmated Glory of thy
Face,
Well mixt with spirit and Divineſt
Grace ;
The eyes of Doves are not ſo fair,* as
thine ;
O how thoſe eyes inflame theſe eyes
of mine !

**The holy Prophets.*

BRIDE.

SONET V.

MOST radiant and refulgent Lamp
of Light,
Whose mid-day Beauty yet n'er
found a night,
'Tis thou, 'tis only thou art fair ; from
Thee
Reflect those * Rays that have en-
lightned me,
And as bright *Cynthia's* borrow'd
Beams do shine
From *Titan's* Glory, so do I from
thine ;
So daily flourishes our fresh delight,
In daily giving † and receiving light.

* *Thy holy Spirit.*

† *In giving grace and receiving glory.*

[2]

NOR does thy Glory shine to me
alone :

What place wherein thy Glory hath
not shone ?

But O, how fragrant, with rich odour,
smells

That * facred house, where thou my
true love dwells !

Nor is it strange : How can those
places be

But fill'd with sweetnesss, if possesst
with thee !

My heart's a Heaven, for thou art in
that heart ;

Thy prefence makes a Heaven,
where-e'r thou art.

** The Congregation of Saints.*

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET VI.

THOU Sovereign Lady of my select
 defires,
 I, I am he whom thy chast Soul ad-
 mires :
 The Rose for smell, the Lilly to the
 eye,
 Is not so sweet, is not so fair as I :
 My veiled Beauty 's not the glorious
 prize
 Of *common fight : †within, my
 beauty lies :
 Yet ne'rtheless my Glory were but
 small,
 If I should want to honour thee with-
 all.

*Not in outward glory. †Inward Graces.

[2]

NOR do I boast my excellence
alone,
But thine (dear Spouse) as whom the
world hath none
So true to faith, so pure in love, as
whom
Lives not a Bride, so fits so chaste a
Groom :
And as the fairest Lilly doth exceed
The fruitless Bramble, or the foulest
Weed,
So far (my Love) dost thou exceed
the rest,
In perfect Beauty of a loyal Brest.

BRIDE.

SONET VII.

LOOK how the fruitful Tree (whose
 laden boughs
 With fwelling pride, crown Autumns
 fmiling brows)
 Surpaffes idle shrubs, even fo in worth
 My love tranfcends the Worthies of
 the Earth :
 He was my fhore in fhlpwrack ; and
 my fhelter
 In ftorms ; my fhade, when I began
 to fwelter :
 If hungry, he was food ; and if op-
 preft
 With wrongs, my Advocate ; with
 toyl, my reft.

[2]

I THIRSTED ; and full charged to the
brink,

He gave me *Bowls of Nectar for
my Drink :

And in his side he broacht me (for a
sign

Of dearest love) a Sacramental Wine ;

He freely gave ; I freely drank my
fill ;

The more I drank, the more re-
mained still.

Did ever Souldier to his Colours
prove

More chaste than I, to so entire a Love?

**The holy Scriptures.*

[3]

O how his Beauty sets my Soul on
fire!

My spirits languish with extream de-
fire:

Desires exceeding limits, are too
lavish,

And wanting means to be affected,
ravisht;

Then let thy *breath like flaggons
of strong wine,

Relieve and comfort this poor heart
of mine;

For I am sick, till time (that doth
delay

Our Marriage) bring our joyful
Marriage Day.

** Thy sweet promises.*

[4]

TILL then, O let my dearest Lord,
by whom
These pleasing plaints of my sweet
forrows come,
Perform his Vows, and with his due
refort,
Bless me ; to make the fullen time
feem short :
In his sweet Prefence may I still be
blest,
Debarr'd from whom my Soul can
find no rest.
O let all times be prosp'rous, and all
places
Be witnesses to our undefil'd Embraces.

[5]

ALL you, whose seeming favours
 have possesst
 The true affection of a loyal brest,
 I charge you all by the true love you
 bear
 To friendship, or what else you count
 most dear;
 * Disturb ye not my Love; O do not
 'rieve
 Him of his joys, that is so apt to
 grieve;
 Dare not to break his quiet slumbers,
 lest
 You rouze a raging Lion from his
 rest.

** Vex not his Spirit with your sins.*

[6]

HARK, hark, I hear that thrice celestial voice,
Wherein my Spirits, rapt with joys,
 rejoice;
A voice that tells me, my Beloved 's
 nigh;
I know the Musick by the Majesty.
Behold, he comes; 'Tis not my
 *blemisht face
Can slack the swiftness of his winged
 pace;
Behold, he comes; His Trumpet doth
 proclaim,
He comes with speed; A truer Love
 ne'r came.

**The imperfections of my present estate.*

[7]

BEHOLD the fwiftnefs of his nimble
feet:

The Ro-buck and the Hart were ne'r
fo fleet;

The word I fpake flew not fo speedy
from me,

As he, the treasure of my foul, comes
to me:

He ftands behind my wall, as if in
doubt

Of welcome; Ah, this * wall debarrs
him out,

O how injurious is the wall of fin,
That barres my Lover out, and bolts
me in!

**The weakness of my flesh.*

*The BRIDE in the person of the
BRIDE-GROOM.*

SONET VIII.

HARK, hark, methinks I hear my
 true Love say,
 Break down that envious Bar, and
 come away ;
 Arise (my dearest Spouse) and dispossess
 Thy foul of doubtful fears, nor over-
 prefs
 Thy tender spirits, with the dull de-
 spair
 Of thy demerits ; (Love) thou art as
 fair
 As earth will suffer : Time will make
 thee clearer ;
 Come forth (my Love) than whom
 my life's not dearer.

[2]

COME forth (my Joy,) what bold
affront of fear
Can fright thy Soul, and I, thy Cham-
pion here?
'Tis I that call, 'tis I, thy Bridegroom
calls thee:
Betide it me, whatever evil befalls
thee:
The winter of thy sharp affliction's
gone:
Why fear'st thou cold, and art so near
the Sun?
I am thy Sun, if thou be cold, draw
nearer!
Come forth (my Love) than whom
my life's not dearer.

[3]

COME forth (my Dear) the spring
of joys invite thee,
The *flowers contend for beauty to
delight thee;
Their fweet ambition's only, which
might be
Most Sweet, most Fair, because most
like to thee:
The †Birds (fweet Heralds of so
fweet a Spring)
Warble high notes, and *Hymeneans*
sing:
All sing with joy, t' enjoy so fweet a
Hearer:
Come forth (my Love) than whom
my life's not dearer.

**The Elect.* †*Angels.*

[4]

THE prosperous *Vine, which this
 dear hand did plant
 Tenders due service to so sweet a
 Saint :
 Her hidden Clusters swell with sacred
 pride,
 To †kiss the lips of so, so fair a Bride ;
 Masqu'd in their leaves, they lurk,
 fearing to be
 Descry'd by any, till first seen by
 thee :
 The Clouds are past, the Heaven can-
 not be clearer ;
 Come forth (dear Love) than whom
 my life's not dearer.

**The Congregation of the Faithful.*

†To offer up the fruits of obedience.

[5]

M_Y Dove whom daily *dangers
teach new shifts,
That like a Dove, dost haunt the se-
cret clifts
Of folitary Rocks : Howe'r thou be
Referv'd from others, be not ftrange
to me.
Call me to rescue, and this brawny
Arm
Shall quell thy Foe, and fence thy
foul from harm ;
Speak, Love : Thy voice is fweet ;
what if thy face
Be drencht with tears ? each tear 's a
feveral grace.

* *Persecutions.*

[6]

ALL you that with prosperity and
peace,
To crown our Contract with a long
increase
Of future joys, O shield my simple
Love
From those that seek her ruine, and
remove
The base Opposers of her best de-
signs ;
Destroy the Foxes, that destroy her
Vines.
Her Vines are fruitful, but her tender
Grapes
Are spoil'd by Foxes, clad in humane
shapes.

The BRIDE in her own Person.

SONET IX.

WHAT greater joy can blefs my
foul, than this,
That my Beloved 's mine, and I am
his !
Our fouls are knit, the world cannot
untwine
The joyful union of his heart, and
mine ;
In him I live ; in him my foul 's pos-
fefs
With heavenly folace, and eternal
rest :
Heaven only knows the blifs my foul
enjoys,
Fond earth 's too dull to apprehend
fuch joys.

[2]

THOU sweet perfection of my full
 delights,
 Till that bright * Day, devoted to the
 Rites
 Of our solemniz'd Nuptials, fhall
 come,
 Come live with me, and make this
 heart thy home.
 Difdain me not: Although my face
 appear
 Deform'd and bloody, yet my heart
 is † clear:
 Make hafte: Let not the fwift-foot
 Ro-buck flee
 The following Hound fo faft, as thou
 to me.

* *The Day of Judgment.* † *By sanctification.*

[3]

I THOUGHT my Love had taken up
his rest
Within the *secreet Cabin of my
Brest,
I thought the closed Curtains did im-
mure
His gentle slumbers, but was too se-
cure :
For (driven with love to the false
Bed) I †slept,
To view his slumbring beauty, as he
slept,
But he was gone, yet plainly there
was seene
The curious dint, where he had late-
ly been.

* *In my Soul.* † *By strict examination.*

[4]

IMPATIENT of his absence, thus be-
reaven
Of him, than whom I had no other
Heaven,
I rav'd a while; not able to digest
So great a loss, to lose so fair a Guest:
I left no path untrac'd, no *place un-
fought;
No secret Cell unfearcht; no way
unthought;
I ask'd the shade, but shadows could
not hide him.
I ask'd the world, but all the world
deny'd him.

* *Amongst the wisest Worldlings.*

[5]

My zealous Love, distemper'd with
distraktion,
Made fierce with fear, unapt for fatif-
faction,
Applies fresh fuel to my flaming
fires,
With Eagles wings supplies my quick
desires :
Up to the walls I trampled, where I
spy'd
The *City Watch, to whom with
tears I cry'd,
Ah gentle Watchmen, you aloft def-
cry
What's dark to us, did not my Love
pass by?

**The Ministers of the Word.*

[6]

A^r length when dull despair had
gain'd the ground
Of tired hopes, my Faith fell in a
fround ;
But he whose sympathizing heart did
find
The tyrant passion of my troubled
mind,
Forthwith appear'd : What Angels
tongue can let
The world conceive our pleasures,
when we met?
And till the joys of our espoused
hearts
Be made *complete, the world ne'r
more shall part 's.

** At the Resurrection.*

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET X.

Now rests my Love : till now, her
tender brest,
Wanting her joy, could find no peace,
no rest ;
I charge you all by the true love you
bear
To friendship, or what else you count
most dear,
Disturb her not, but let her sleep her
fill,
I charge you all, upon your lives, be
still :
O may that labouring Soul, that lives
opprest
For me, in me receive eternal rest.

[2]

WHAT curious face is this? what
mortal birth
Can shew a beauty, thus *unstain'd
with earth?
What glorious Angel wanders thus,
alone,
From Earth's foul Dungeon, to my
Father's Throne!
It is my Love; my Love that hath
deny'd
The world for me; It is my fairest
Bride:
How fragrant is her breath! How
heavenly fair
Her Angel face! each glorifying the
Air.

* *Through sanctification by merits.*

BRIDE.

SONET XI.

O HOW I'm ravisht with * eternal
blifs !

Whoe'r thought Heaven a joy com-
par'd to this ?

How do the pleasures of this glorious
Face

Adde glory to the glory of this place !
See how Kings Courts furmout poor
Shepherds Cells,

So this the pride of *Solomon* excells ;
Rich wreaths of glory crown his
Royal Head,

And Troops of Angels wait upon his
Bed.

* *By Heavenly Contemplation.*

[2]

THE Court of Princely *Solomon*
was guarded
With able men at Arms ; their faith
rewarded
With fading honours, subject to the
Fate
Of Fortune, and the jealous frowns
of State :
But here th' harmonious Quire of
heaven attend,
Whose prize is Glory, Glory without
end,
Unmixt with doubtings, or degener-
ous fear ;
A greater Prince than *Solomon* is
here !

[3]

THE Bridal Bed of Princely *Solo-*
mon,
(Whose beauty amaz'd the greedy
lookers on,)
Which all the world admired to be-
hold,
Was but of Cedar, and her sted of
Gold ;
Her Pillars Silver, and her Canopy
Of silks, but richly stain'd with purple
dye :
Her Curtains wrought in works,
works rarely led
By th' Needles art, such was the
Bridal Bed.

[4]

SUCH was the Bridal Bed, which
Time, or Age
Durst never warrant from th' opprobrious rage
Of envious Fate ; Earth's measure's
but a minute ;
Earth fades ; all fades upon it ; all
within it.
O, but the Glory of this Diviner
Place
No Age can injure, nor yet Time de-
face :
Too weak an object, for weak eyes
to 'bide,
Or tongues t' exprefs : who ever
faw't, but dy'd ?

[5]

WHO e'r beheld the Royal Crown
set on
The Nuptial Brows of Princely *Solo-*
mon ?
His glorious pomp, whose honour did
display
The noised triumphs of his Marriage
day ?
A greater Prince than *Solomon* is
here,
The beauty of whose Nuptials shall
appear
More glorious, far transcending his,
as far
As Heavens bright lamp outshines
th' obscurest Star.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XII.

How orient is thy * Beauty ! How
 Divine !
 How dark's the glory of the earth,
 to thine !
 Thy veiled † eyes outshine the Hea-
 vens great light,
 Unconquer'd by the shady Clouds of
 Night ;
 Thy curious ‡ Treffes dangle, all un-
 bound,
 With unaffected order to the ground :
 How orient is thy Beauty ! How Di-
 vine !
 How dark's the glory of the earth to
 thine !

** Through the gifts of my Spirit.*

† The modesty and purity of thy Judgments.

‡ Ornaments of necessary Ceremonies.

[2]

THY Ivory * Teeth in whitenefs do
outgo

The Down of Swans, or winters driv-
ing Snow;

Whose even proportions lively repre-
sent

Th' harmonious Musick of unite con-
sent;

Whose perfect whitenefs Time could
never plot;

Nor Age (the Cancer of destruction)
rot.

How orient is thy Beauty ! How Di-
vine !

How dark's the glory of the earth to
thine !

** Sincere Ministers.*

[3]

THE ruby portals of thy ballanc'd
* words
Send forth a welcome relish, which
affords
A Heaven of blifs, and makes the
earth rejoice,
To hear the Accent of thy heavenly
voice ;
The † maiden-blushes of thy Cheeks
proclaim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of
shame.
How orient is thy Beauty ! How Di-
vine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to
thine !

* *Doctrine of thy holy Prophets.*

† *Modesi graces of the Spirit.*

[4]

THY *Neck (unbeautifi'd with
borrowed Grace)
Is whiter than the Lillies of thy face,
If whiter may ; for beauty and for
power,
'Tis like the Glory of *David's* Prince-
ly Tower :
What Vaffal Spirit could despair or
faint,
Finding protection from fo fure a
Saint ?
How orient is thy Beauty ! How Di-
vine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to
thine !

* *Magistrates.*

[5]

THE dear-bought fruit of that forbidden Tree
Was not so dainty as the Apples be,
These curious Apples of thy snowy
*Brefts,
Wherein a Paradife of pleasure rests;
They breathe such life into the rav-
ish†Eye,
That the inflam'd Beholder cannot
‡dye.
How orient is thy Beauty! How Di-
vine!
How dark's the glory of the earth to
thine!

**The Old and New Testament.*

†*The sanctified and zealous Reader.*

‡*The second death.*

[6]

My dearest Spoufe, I'll *hye me
to my home,
And till that long-expected †Day
shall come,
The light whereof shall chase the
night that shrouds
Thy veiled beauty in these envious
‡Clouds ;
Till then, I go, and in my Throne
provide
A glorious welcome for my fairest
Bride ;
Chaplets of conqu'ring Palm, and
Lawrel Boughs
Shall crown thy Temples, and adorn
thy Brows.

**I will withdraw my bodily presence.*

†The Day of Judgment.

‡Infirmities of the flesh.

[7]

WOULD beauty fain be flatter'd
with a grace
She never had? May she behold thy
face :
Envy would burst, had she no other
task
Than to behold this face without a
mask ;
No spot, no venial blemish could she
find,
To feed the famine of her rancorous
mind ;
Thou art the flower of Beauties
Crown, and they're
Much worse than foul, that think thee
less than fair.

[8]

FEAR not (my Love) for when
those facred bands
Of wedlock shall conjoyn our prom-
if'd hands,
I'll come and quit thee from this te-
dious *place,
Where thou art forc'd to sojourn for
a space ;
No foreign angle of the utmost
Lands,
No Seas Abyfs shall hide thee from
my hands,
No night shall shade thee from my
curious eye,
I'll rouse the Graves, although grim
Death stand by.

**This vale of misery.*

[9]

ILLUSTRIOUS Beams shot from thy
flaming *eye,
Made fierce with zeal, and fovereign
Majesty,
Have scorcht my foul, and like a fiery
Dart
Tranfixt the Center of my wounded
heart;
The Virgin sweetness of thy heavenly
grace
Had made mine eyes glad Pris'ners
to thy face;
The beauty of thine eye-balls hath
bereft
Me of my heart: O fweet, O sacred
theft!

**The eye of faith.*

[10]

O THOU the dear Inflamer of mine
eyes,
Life of my foul, and hearts eternal
prize.
How delectable is thy Love ! How
pure !
How apt to ravish, able to allure
A frozen Soul ; and with thy secret
fire,
T' afflict dull spirits with extream
desire !
How do thy joys (though in their
greatest dearth)
Transcend the proudest pleasures of
the Earth !

[11]

THY lips (my dearest Spouse) are
the full treasures
Of *faced Poesie, whose heavenly
measures
Ravish with joy the willing heart that
hears,
But strikes a deafness in rebellious
ears:
Thy words, like milk and honey, do
requite
The season'd Soul with profit and de-
light:
Heavens higher Palace, and these
lower places
Of dungeon-earth are sweetned with
thy Graces.

[12]

My Love is like a Garden, full of
 flowers,
 Whose Sunny Banks, and choice of
 shady bowers
 Give change of pleasures, pleasures
 wall'd about
 With armed Angels, to keep ruine
 out;
 And from her *Breſts (†encloſed
 from the ill
 Of looſer eyes) pure ‡Crystal Drops
 diſtill:
 The fruitful ſweetneſs of whoſe gen-
 tle ſhowers
 Inrich her flowers with beauty;
 Banks with flowers.

**The two Testaments.*

†*Riddles to prophane Readers.*

‡*Celestial Comforts.*

[13]

MY Love is like a Paradife beset
With rarest gifts, whose fruits
(but tender yet)
The world ne'r tasted; dainties far
more rare
Than *Edens* tempting Apple, and
more fair;
Myrrh, Aloes, Incense, and the Cy-
press Tree
Can boast no sweetnesss, but is breath'd
from thee:
Dainties for taste, and flowers for the
smell
Spring all from thee, whose sweets
all sweets excell.

BRIDE.

SONET XIII.

O THOU (my Dear) whose fweets
all fweets excell,
From whom my fruits receive their
taste, their smell.
How can my thriving *plants refuse
to grow,
Thus quickned with so sweet a †Sun
as thou?
How can my flowers, which thy Ew-
ers nourish
With show'rs of living water, chuse
but flourish?
O, thou the spring, from whence these
waters burst,
Did ever any taste thy streams, and
thirst?

**The faithful.* †*The Sun of Righteousness.*

[2]

AM I a Garden? May my flowers
be
So highly honor'd to be smelt by
thee?
Inspire them with thy sacred breath,
and then
Receive from them thy borrow'd
breath, agen.
Frequent thy Gardens, whose rare
fruit invites
Thy welcome prefence, to his choice
delights;
Taste where thou list, and take thy
full repast,
Here's that will please thy smell,
thine eye, thy taste.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XIV.

THOU facred Center of my foul, in
 whom
 I rest, behold thy wisht for Love is
 come ;
 Refresht with thy delights, I have re-
 pasted
 Upon thy *pleasures ; my full foul
 hath tasted
 Thy †rip'ned dainties, and hath free-
 ly been
 Pleas'd with those ‡fruits, that are
 (as yet) but green ;
 All you that love the honour of my
 Bride,
 Come taste her Vineyards, and be
 Deifi'd.

*Obedience. †Strong works of faith.

‡The new fruits of the Spirit.

BRIDE.

SONET XV.

IT was a *night, a night as dark, as
foul
As that black Errour that entranc'd
my foul,
When as my best Beloved came and
knockt
At my dull †Gates, too too securely
lockt:
Unbolt (saide he) these ‡churlish
doors (my Dove),
Let not false flumbers bribe thee from
thy Love;
Hear him, that for thy gentle sake
came hither,
Long injur'd by this §nights ungentle
weather.

* Too much severity. † My heart.

‡ The pleasures of the flesh.

§ Thy hard-hearted unkindness.

[2]

I HEARD the voice, but the perfidious
pleasure
Of my sweet slumbers could not find
the leasure
To ope my drowzy doors ; my spirit
could speak
Words fair enough ; but ah, my flesh
was weak,
And fond excuses taught me to be-
tray
My sacred Vows to a secure delay.
Perfidious slumbers, how have you
the might
To blind true pleasures with a false
delight !

[3]

WHEN as my Love, with oft-re-
peated knocks,
Could not avail, shaking his dewy
locks,
Highly displeaf'd, he could no longer
'bide
My flight neglect, but went away
deni'd ;
No fooner gone, but my dull foul dif-
cern'd
Her drowzy errour ; my griev'd fpirit
*yearn'd
To find him out ; thefe feiled eyes
that flept
So foundly faft, awak'd, much faster
wept.

* *Repented.*

[4]

THUS raif'd and rouz'd from my
deceitful rest,
I op'd my Doors, where my departed
Guest
Had been ; I thrust the churlish Por-
tals from me,
That so deny'd my dearest Bride-
groom to me ;
But when I smelt of my returned
hand,
My Soul was rapt, my powers all did
stand
Amazed at the *sweetness they did
find,
Which my neglected Love had left
behind.

**The sweetness of his Grace.*

[5]

I OP'D my Door, my Myrrh-distilling
Door,

But ah ! my Guest was gone, had
given me o'r :

What curious Pen, what Artift can
define

A mateless sorrow ? Such, ah, such
was mine !

Doubts and despair had of my life
depriv'd me ;

Had not strong hope of his return re-
viv'd me ;

I fought, but he refused to appear ;

I call'd, but he would not be heard,
nor hear.

[6]

THUS with the tyranny of grief
diftraught,
I rang'd around, no place I left unfought,
No ear unask'd ; the * Watchmen of
the City
† Wounded my Soul, without remorse or pity,
To Virgin tears : They taught my
feet to stray,
Whose steps were apt enough to lose
their way ;
With taunts and scorns they checkt
me and derided,
And call'd me Whore, because I
walkt unguided.

* *False Teachers.* † *With their false Doctrines.*

[7]

You hallowed Virgins, you, whose
tender hearts
E'r felt th' Impression of * Loves fe-
cret Darts,
I charge you all by the dear Faith
you owe
To Virgin pureness, and your Vestal
vow,
Commend me to my Love, if e'r you
meet him :
O tell him that his love-sick Spouse
doth greet him :
O let him know, I languish with de-
fire
T' enjoy that heart, that sets this heart
on fire.

* *Divine Love.*

VIRGINS.

SONET XVI.

O THOU, the fairest flower of mortal birth,
If such a beauty may be born of Earth,
Angel or Virgin, which ? or both in one,
Angel by beauty, Virgin by thy mone,
Say, who is He that may deserve these tears,
These precious drops ? who is't can stop his ears
At these fair lips ? Speak, Lady, speak at large,
Who is't ? for whom giv'st thou so strict a charge ?

BRIDE.

SONET XVII.

M^y Love is the perfection of delight,
Roses and Doves are not so red, so
white;
Unpattern'd beauty fummon'd every
Grace
To the composure of so sweet a face;
His Body is a Heaven, for in his brest
The perfect Essence of a God doth
rest;
The brighter eye of Heaven did never
shine
Upon another Glory, so Divine.

[2]

His *head is far more glorious to
behold,
Than fruitful Ophirs oft refined Gold;
'Tis the rich Magazine of secret
treasure,
Whence Graces spring in unconfined
measure;
His curl'd and dangling †Tresses do
proclaim
A Nazarite, on whom ne'r Razor
came.
Whose Raven-black colour gives a
curious relish
To that which beauty did so much
imbellish.

* *His Deity.* † *His Humanity.*

[3]

LIKE to the eyes of Doves are his
fair *eyes,
Wherein stern Justice, mixt with
mercy, lies ;
His eyes are simple, yet Majestical,
In motion nimble, and yet chaste
withal,
Flaming like fire, and yet burn they
not,
Unblemisht, undistained with a spot,
Blazing with precious beams, and to
behold,
Like to rich Diamonds in a frame of
Gold.

** His Judgments and care of his Church.*

[4]

His Cheeks are like to fruitful
 Beds o'r-grown
 With Aromatick Flowers newly
 blown,
 Whose odours, beauty, please the
 smell, the sight,
 And doubling pleasures double the
 delight:
 His * Lips are like a Crystal Spring,
 from whence
 Flow sweetned streams of sacred Elo-
 quence,
 Whose † Drops, into the ear distil'd,
 do give
 Life to the ‡ Dead, true joys to § them
 that live.

* *The discovery of him in his Word.*

† *His Promises.* ‡ *Those that dye to sin.*

§ *That live to righteousness.*

[5]

His *hands are deckt with rings of
†Gold, the rings
With costly Jewels, fitting none but
Kings;
Which (of themselves though glor-
ious, yet) receive
More glory from those fingers, than
they give;
His ‡Breasts like Ivory circled round
about
With §veins, like Saphirs winding in
and out,
Whose beauty is (though darkned
from the eye)
Full of Divine and secret Majesty.

* *His actions.* † *With pureness.*

‡ *His secret counsels.* § *Inwardly glorious.*

[6]

HIS *Legs like purest marble,
strong and white,
Of curious shape (though quick) un-
apt for flight;
His feet (as Gold that's oft refined)
are,
Like his upright proceedings, pure
and fair;
His †Port is Princely, and his Stature
tall,
And, like the Cedar, stout, yet sweet
withal.
O, who would not repose his life, his
blifs,
Upon a Base so fair, so firm as this !

* *His ways constant, firm, and pure.*

† *His whole courage.*

[7]

His mouth! but stay, what need
my lips be lavish
In choice of words, when one alone
will ravish?
But shall, in brief, my ruder tongue
discover
The speaking Image of my absent
Lover?
Let then the curious hand of Art re-
fine
The race of Vertues Moral and Di-
vine,
From whence by Heaven let there
extracted be
A perfect Quintessence; even such is
He.

VIRGINS.

SONET XVIII.

THrice fairer than the fairest,
whose sad tears
And smiling words have charm'd our
eyes, our ears,
Say, whither is this prize of beauty
gone,
More fair than kind, to let thee weep
alone?
Thy tempting lips have whet our
dull desire,
And till we see him, we are all on
fire:
We'll find him out, if thou wilt be
our Guide:
The next way to the *Bridegroom* is
the **Bride*.

**The Church is the way to Christ.*

BRIDE.

SONET XIX.

IF errour led not my dull thoughts
amifs,
My Genius tells me where my true
Love is ;
He's bufie lab'ring on his *flowry
Banks,
†Inspiring sweetness, and ‡receiving
thanks,
Watring thofe Plants whose tender
roots are §dry,
And pruning fuch whose crefts aspire
|| too high,
Transplanting, Grafting, Reaping
Fruits from fome,
And covering others that are *newly
come.

* *Congregation of the faithful.* † *Giving Graces.*

‡ *Receiving Glory.* § *Despairing Souls.*

|| *Not yet thoroughly humbled.*

* *Strengthening the weak in fpirit.*

[2]

WHAT if the frailty of my feebl^r part
Lockt up the Portals of my drowzy
heart?
He knows, the weaknes of the flesh
incumbers
Th' unwilling spirit, with sense-
bereaving flumbers.
My hopes assure me, in despite of
this,
That my Beloved's mine, and I am
his:
My hopes are firm (which time shall
ne'r remove)
That he is mine, by faith; I his, by
love.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XX.

THY timely grief (my tears-baptized Love)
Compels mine ears to hear ; thy tears
to move ;
Thy blubber'd beauty to mine eye
appears
More bright than 't was : such is the
*strength of tears :
Beauty and Terrour meeting in thine
eye,
Have made thy face the Throne of
Majesty,
Whose awful Beams the proudest
heart will move
To love for fear, until it fear for love.

**The force of repentance.*

[2]

REPRESS those flames, that furnace
from that eye,

They ravish with too bright a tyrann-
ny :

Thy fires are too fierce : O turn them
from me ;

They pierce my soul, and with their
rays o'come me.

Thy curious Treffes dangle, all un-
bound

With unaffected order, to the ground :
How orient is thy Beauty ! How Di-
vine !

How dark 's the glory of the Earth
to thine !

[3]

THY Ivory *Teeth in whitenefs
do out-go
The Down of Swans, or winters driv-
en Snow,
Whose even proportions lively repre-
sent
Th' harmonious mufick of unite con-
fent;
Whose perfect whitenefs time could
never blot,
Nor Age (the envious Worm of
ruine) rot:
How orient is thy Beauty! How Di-
vine!
How dark's the Glory of the Earth
to thine!

[4]

THY *Temples are the Temples
of chaste love,
Where beauty facrific'd her milk-
white Dove,
Upon whose Azure paths are always
found
The heaven-born Graces dancing in
a round :
Thy maiden †Blushes gently do pro-
claim
A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of
shame.
How orient is thy Beauty ! How Di-
vine !
How dark's the glory of the earth to
thine !

**Thy visible parts.* †*Modesty and Zeal.*

[5]

You, you brave spirits, whose imperial hand
Enforces what your looks cannot command,
Bring forth your pamper'd Queens,
the lustful prize,
And curious wrecks of your imperious eyes ;
Surround the Circle of the earth, and
levy
The fairest Virgins in Loves fairest
Bevy ;
Then take from each, to make one
perfect grace,
Yet would my Love outshine that
borrow'd face.

[6]

I THOU art she, corrivall'd with no
other,
Thou glorious Daughter of thy glor-
ious Mother,
The *New Jerusalem*, whose Virgin
birth
Shall deifie the * Virgins of the
Earth;
The Virgins of the Earth have seen
thy beauty,
And stood amaz'd, and in a prostrate
duty,
Have sue'd to kifs thine hand, making
thine eyes
Their Lamps to light them, till the
Bridegroom rise.

**The pure in heart.*

[7]

HARK how the Virgins, hallow'd
with thy fire,
And wonder-smitten with thy Beams,
admire :
Who, who is this (say they) whose
Cheeks resemble
Aurora's blush, whose eyes Heavens
light dissemble ;
Whose face is brighter than the silent
Lamp
That lights the Earth, to breathe her
nightly Damp :
Upon whose brow fits dreadful
Majesty,
The frown whereof commands a
Victory ?

[8]

F^{AIR} Bride, why was thy troubled
Soul dejected
When I was absent? was my faith
suspected,
Which I so firmly plighted? Couldst
thou think
My love could shake, or such a vow
could shrink?
I did but walk among my tender
Plants,
To smell their odours, and supply
their wants,
To see my stocks, so lately grafted,
sprout,
Or if my Vines began to burgeon
out.

[9]

THOUGH gone was I,* my heart
was in thy brest
(Although to thee perchance) an un-
known Guest,
'Twas that, that gave such wings to
thy desire,
T' enjoy my Love, and set thy soul
on fire;
But my return was quick, and with a
mind
More nimble (yet more constant)
than the wind,
I came, and as the winged shaft doth
flie
With undiscerned speed, even so did I.

* *My spirit.*

[10]

RETURN (O then return), thou
Child of Peace,
To thy first joys, O let thy tears sur-
cease;
Return thee to thy Love; let not the
*night
With flatt'ring †slumbers tempt thy
true delight;
Return thee to my bosome, let my
breft
Be still thy Tent; Take there eternal
rest;
Return, O Thou, in whose enchanted
eye,
Are Darts enough to make an Army
flye.

* *Security.* † *Worldly pleasures.*

[11]

F^{AIR} Daughter of the highest King,
how sweet
Are th' unaffected graces of thy
*Feet!
From every step, true Majesty did
spring,
Fitting the Daughter of so high a
King:
Thy Waste is circled with a †Virgins
Zone,
Imbelisht round with many a precious
‡Stone,
Wherein thy curious Workman did
fulfill
The utmost Glory of his Diviner
Skill.

**Thy ways.* †*The Girdle of Truth.*

‡*The precious gifts of the Spirit.*

[12]

THY *Navel, where thy holy Em-
bryon doth
Receive sweet nourishment, and heav-
enly growth,
Is like a Crystal Spring, whose fresh
supply
Of living Waters, Sun, nor Drought
can dry :
Thy †fruitful Womb is like a win-
now'd heap
Of purest Grain, which Heavens blest
hand did reap,
With Lillies fenc'd ; True Emblem
of rare treasure,
Whose Grain denotes encrease ;
whose Lillies, pleasure.

* *Whereby there is a receipt of spiritual conceptions.*

† *Increase of the faithful.*

[13]

THY dainty * Brefts are like fair
Twins, both fwelling
In equal Majesty ; in hue excelling
The new fall'n Snow upon th' un-
trodden Mountains,
From whence there flows, as from
exub'rous Fountains,
Rivers of heavenly Nectar, to allay
The holy thirst of Souls : Thrice hap-
py they,
And more than thrice, whose blest
affections bring
Their thirsty Palates to fo sweet a
Spring.

* *The Old and New Testament.*

[14]

THY *Neck doth represent an
Ivory Tower,
In perfect pureness, and united Power.
Thine †Eyes (like Pools at a frequented Gate
For every Comer to draw Water at)
Are common treasures, and like
Crystal Glasse,
Shew each his lively visage, as he
passes.
Thy †Nose, the curious Organ of thy
scent,
Wants nothing more, for use, for Ornament.

**Teachers. †Glorious in all parts.*

[15]

THY *Tires of Gold (enricht with
glorious Gems,
Rare Diamonds, and Princely Dia-
dems)
Adorn thy Brows, and with their na-
tive worth
Advance thy glory, and fet thy beau-
ty forth;
So perfect are thy Graces, so Divine,
And full of Heaven are those fair
looks of thine,
That I'm inflamed with the double
fire
Of thy full beauty, and my fierce de-
fire.

**The Ceremonies of the Church.*

[16]

O Sacred Symmetry ! O rare connexion
Of many perfects, to make one perfection !
O Heavenly Mufick, where all parts
do meet
In one fweet ftrain, to make one perfect fweet !
O glorious Member, whose each feveral feature
Divine compofe fo, fo Divine a Creature !
Fair foul, as all thy parts united be
Entire, fo fumm'd are all my joys in thee.

[17]

THY curious Fabrick, and erected
Stature,
Is like the generous Palm, whose
lofty nature
In spight of envious violence will as-
pire,
When most supprest, the more it
mounts the higher ;
Thy lovely Brefts (whose Beauty
re-invites
My oft remembrance to her oft de-
lights)
Are like the fwelling Clusters of the
Vine ;
So full of sweetnesss are those Brefts
of thine.

[18]

ART thou my Palm? My busie
hand shall nourish
Thy fruitful roots, and make thy
branches flourish.
Art thou my Vine? my skilful arm
shall drefs
Thy *dying plants; my living springs
shall blefs
Thy †infant Buds; my blasting
breath shall quell
‡ Presumptuous weeds, and make
thy Clusters swell;
And all that love thee shall attain the
favour
To taste thy sweetnes, and to smell
thy favour.

* *Despairing souls.* † *Young Converts.*

‡ *Opposers of the Truth.*

[19]

THOSE Oracles that from thy lips
 proceed,
With sweet Evangels, shall delight
 and feed
Th' attentive ear, and like the Trum-
 pet's voice,
Amaze faint hearts, but make brave
 spirits rejoice :
Thy breath, whose Dialect is most
 Divine,
Incends quick flames, where ember'd
 sparks but shine ;
It strikes the Pleaders Rhet'rick with
 derision,
And makes the dullest Soul a Rhetor-
 ician.

BRIDE.

SONET XXI.

M_Y Faith, not merits, hath affur'd
thee mine ;

Thy Love, not my desert, hath made
me thine ;

Unworthy I, whose drowzy foul re-
jected

Thy precious favours, and (secure)
neglected

Thy glorious prefence, how am I be-
come

A Bride befitting fo Divine a Groom !

It is no merit, no desert of mine,

Thy love, thy love alone, hath made
me thine.

[2]

SINCE then the bounty of thy dear
election
Hath styl'd me thine, O let the sweet
reflection
Of thy illustrious Beams, my soul in-
spire,
And with thy Spirit inflame my hot
desire;
Unite our Souls; O let thy Spirit rest
And make perpetual home within
my Brest;
Instruct me so, that I may gain the
Skill,
To suite my service to thy sacred
Will.

[3]

COME, come (my Souls Preserver),
thou that art
Th' united joys of my united heart,
Come, let us visit, with the morning
light,
Our prosp'rous * Vines ; with mutual
delight
Let 's view those Grapes, whose clus-
ters being †preſt
Shall make rich Wines, to ſerve our
Marriage Feaſt ;
That by the thriving Plants it may
appear,
Our joys-perfecting Marriage draw-
eth near.

* *Congregation of the faithful.* † *By affliction.*

[4]

BEHOLD, my *new-disclosed Flow-
 ers present,
 Before thy Gates, their tributary
 scent :
 Reserve themselves for Garlands, that
 they may
 Adorn the Bridegroom, on his Mar-
 riage Day :
 My †Garden's full of ‡Trees, and
 every Tree
 Laden with §Fruit, which I devote to
 thee ;
 Eternal joys betide that happy Guest,
 That tastes the dainties of the Bride-
 groom's Feast.

* *Young Converts.* † *Assemblies.* ‡ *Faithful.*
 § *Faith and good Works.*

[5]

O WOULD to God mine eyes (these
fainting eyes,
Whose eager appetite could ne'r de-
vise
A dearer object) might but once be-
hold
My Love (as I am) clad in fleshly
mold,
That each may corporally converse
with other,
As Friend with Friend, as Sister with
her Brother !
O how mine eyes could welcome such
a sight !
How would my Soul dissolve with
o'r-delight !

[6]

THEN should this hand conduct my
 fairest Spouse,
To taste a Banquet at my Mothers
 *Houfe;
Our fruitful Garden should present
 thine eyes
With sweet delights; her Trees should
 sacrifice
Their early fruits to thee ; our tender
 Vine
Should chear thy Palate with her un-
 preſt Wine;
Thy hand ſhould teach my living
 Plants to thrive,
And ſuch as are a dying, to revive.

**The Universal Church.*

[7]

THEN should my Soul enjoy within
this Brest
A holy Sabbath of eternal Rest;
Then should my Cause, that suffers
through despight
Of errour and rude ignorance, have
right;
Then should these *streams, whose
tides so often rise,
Be ebb'd away from my suffused
eyes;
Then should my spirits, fill'd with
heavenly mirth,
Triumph o'r Hell, and find a Heaven
on Earth.

**Tears and sorrows.*

[8]

ALL you that with the bountiful
 encrease
 Of dearest Pleasures, and Divinest
 Peace,
 I charge you all (if ought my charge
 may move
 Your tender hearts) * not to disturb
 my Love;
 Vex not his gentle Spirit, nor bereave
 Him of his Joys, that is so apt to
 grieve;
 Dare not to break his quiet slumbers,
 lest
 You rouse a raging Lion from his
 rest.

** Not to vex and grieve his holy Spirit.*

[9]

WHO ever lov'd, that ever lov'd,
as I,
That for his fake renouce my self,
deny
The Worlds best Joys, and have the
world forgone?
Who ever lov'd so dear as I have
done?
I fought my Love, and found him
*lowly laid
Beneath the Tree of Love, in whose
sweet shade
He rested; there his eye sent forth the
fire
That first inflam'd my amorous de-
fire.

**In humility.*

[10]

My dearest Spoufe, O feal me on
thy heart
So fure, that envious Earth may nev-
er part
Our joined Souls ; let not the world
remove
My chafte defires from so choice a
Love ;
For, O, my love 's not flight, her
flames are ferious,
Was ever Death fo pow'rful, fo im-
perious ?
My jealous zeal is a confuming fire,
That burns my foul, through fear and
fierce defire.

[11]

FIRES may be quencht, and flames
though n'er so great
With many drops shall faint, and lose
their heat:
But these quick fires of Love, the
more suppress,
The more they flame in my inflamed
breast.
How dark is honour ! how obscure
and dim
Is Earth's bright Glory, but com-
par'd with him !
How foul is beauty ! what a toil is
pleasure !
How poor is wealth ! how base a thing
is treasure !

[12]

I HAVE a *Sister, which by thy Di-
 vine
 And bounteous Grace, our Marriage
 shall make thine.
 She is mine own, mine only Sister,
 whom
 My Mother bare, the youngest of
 her womb:
 She's yet a †Child, her beauty may
 improve,
 Her breasts are small, and yet too
 green for Love;
 When time and years shall adde per-
 fection to her,
 Say (dearest Love) what honour wilt
 thou do her?

*The Church of the Gentiles, then uncalled.

†Uncall'd to the truth.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XXII.

IF she be fair, and with her beauty
 prove
As chaste, as loyal to her Virgin-Love,
As thou hast been ; then in that high
 degree
I'll honour her, as I have honour'd
 thee :
Be she as constant to her Vestal Vow,
And true to her devoted faith, as
 thou ;
I'll crown her head, and fill her hand
 with power,
And give a Kingdom to her for a
 Dower.

BRIDE.

SONET XXIII.

WHEN time shall ripen these her
green defires,
And holy Love shall breathe her
heavenly fires
Into her Virgin-breast, her heart shall
be
As true to Love, as I am true to thee:
O when thy boundless bounty shall
conjoin
Her equal glorious Majesty with
mine,
My joys are perfect, then in sacred
Bands
Wedlock shall couple our espoused
hands.

BRIDE-GROOM.

SONET XXIV.

I AM thy Gard'ner, thou my fruitful
Vine,
Whose rip'ned Clusters fwell with
richest wine;
The Vines of *Solomon* were not so
fair,
His Grapes were not so precious, as
thine are;
His Vines were subject to the vulgar
will
Of hired hands, and mercenary skill:
Corrupted Carles were merry with
his Vines,
And at a price return'd their barter'd
Wines.

[2]

BUT mine's a Vineyard, which no
ruder hand
Shall touch, subjected to my sole com-
mand ;
My self with this laborious Arm will
dress it,
My prefence with a busie eye shall
bleff it ;
O Princely *Solomon*, thy thriving
Vine
Is not so fair, so bountiful as mine ;
Thy greedy sharers claim an earned
hire,
But mine's reserv'd, and to my self
intire.

[3]

O THOU that dwellest * where th'
eternal Fame
Of my renown so glorifies thy name;
Illustrious Bride, in whose Celestial
Tongue
Are sacred Spells t'inchant the ruder
throng;
O! let thy lips, like a perpetual Story,
Divulge my Graces, and declare my
Glory;
Direct those hearts that errour leads
astray,
Diffolve the † Wax, but make obdure
the ‡ Clay.

* *In the great Congregation.* † *The Penitent.*
‡ *The Presumptuous.*

BRIDE.

SONET XXV.

MOST glorious Love, and honour-
able Lord,

My heart's the vowed fervant of thy
word,

But I am weak, and as a tender Vine
Shall fall, unpropt by that dear hand
of thine :

Affist me therefore, that I may fulfill
What thou command'ft, and then
command thy will ;

O leave thy Sacred Spirit in my brest,
As Earnest of an everlasting Rest.

THE END.

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PRINTED AT THE RIVERSIDE PRESS
FOR HOUGHTON MIFFLIN & COMPANY
BOSTON AND NEW YORK MDCCCCV

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